IN TIPPECANOE'S DAY

NEW STORIES ABOUT THE GREAT STATESMAN, DANIEL WEBSTER.

Couldn't Stop Him from Singing When He Drank Punch, and Once Joined in with Jenny Lind at a Concert.

J. B. Marvin, in Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

When Gen. William Henry Harrison came to Washington, in 1841, to be inaugurated President, he was received as the guest of the Mayor of the city, Mr. Seaton. Seaton and Gales were the editors and proprietors of the old National Intelligencer, then the great newspaper of Washington. Harrison had come all the way from Ohio in stage coaches, and he was worn out. He confided to Mr. Seaton that he felt very anxious about his inaugural. He had written it with a pencil on slips of paper while on the way, in coaches and at the taverns where he stopped for meals. It was written so poorly that he was afraid he couldn't read it, and the inauguration was to take place the next day. Mr. Seaton asked to be allowed to look it over, and, having persuaded Harrison to retire and obtain the rest he so much needed, he sent the address to the office of the Intelligencer and had it set up in large type, and at the breakfast table the next morning he placed the printed copy in General Harrison's hands. The President-elect was delighted. Mr. Seaton was acquainted with nearly all the public men in Washington in those early days—with Webster, Clay, Crittenden, Fillmore, General Scott and many others—and often received them at his house. The Seaton mansion was located just across the street from the site of the present Post-office Department. A member of his family who still resides in Washington, and who is full of reminiscences of the men of those days, has told me the following anecdote of Webster.

George Washington Parke Custis, who built the Arlington mansion, and who resided there until some time in the fifties, one time invited Webster, who was then Secretary of State, John T. Crittenden, the Attorney-general, Mr. Seaton and a number of other gentlemen to spend the evening at Arlington. It was a warm moonlight night in June, and they went in a large row boat across the Potomac, Mr. Seaton's son and another young man being oarsmen. Arriving at the Arlington grounds, Mr. Custis welcomed them as they debarked, and soon they were all comfortably seated in easy chairs and settees on the bank of the river in the moonlight, around a large punch bowl. They proceeded to discuss the contents of the bowl, laying aside the cares of state, and spending a very comfortable and pleasant evening. About 10 o'clock they set out upon their return. Webster sat in the stern. Having quaffed liberally of the punch, and feeling in a genial mood, as the boat glided along the silvery waters in the moonlight he began to sing.

"OLD ROSSUM THE BEAU."

His song was a favorite melody at that time, the old English song, "Old Rossum the Beau."

I've traveled the wide world over,
And now to another I'll go;
I know that good quarters are waiting
To welcome Old Rossum the Beau.
To welcome Old Rossum the Beau,
To welcome Old Rossum the Beau,
I know that good quarters are waiting
To welcome Old Rossum the Beau.

When Mr. Webster reached the end of the first stanza Mr. Crittenden asked him a question about a legal point he had under consideration as Attorney-general, and upon which he wished to obtain Mr. Webster's opinion. Webster paid no heed to his inquiry, but proceeded with the second verse:

And when I am dead, if you wish it,
Old friends, you will want to, I know,
Come stand by the side of my coffin,
And look at Old Rossum the Beau,
And look at Old Rossum the Beau, etc.

Mr. Crittenden repeated his inquiry, and again Mr. Webster proceeded, paying no attention to his remark:

Then get you a couple of tombstones,
That all who pass by, as they go,
May read in the letters you put there
The name of Old Rossum the Beau,
The name of Old Rossum the Beau, etc.

Mr. Crittenden again began to state his law point, when Webster turned upon him and exclaimed: "Mr. Attorney-general, if you interrupt me again in my song, I'll hang you on the horn of yonder moon." And then he went on with his singing.

When the party reached the Washington side of the river it became a problem how they were going to get Mr. Webster ashore. The river bank at the landing place was so steep and high that it had to be ascended by a ladder. It was a question whether they would be able to get Mr. Webster up the ladder. At length, with the aid of the two young men who had acted as oarsmen, by dint of pushing and hauling, they landed him on the bank above. One of the two young men who assisted in the feat, and who told me the story, remembers, with amusement, to this day how he put his shoulder under the huge statesman and boosted him up.

It seems to have been characteristic of Mr. Webster to feel musically inclined when under the influence of generous libations. If before a public audience, on those occasions, his inspiration usually showed itself in bursts of eloquent oratory, but in private gatherings his eloquence was sometimes manifested in bursts of song.

WEBSTER AND JENNY LIND.

Upon one occasion, however, he sang in public. It was when Jenny Lind was in this country and was singing at the old National Theater in Washington. Webster and some of his friends were present in one of the boxes next to the stage. They had just come from a dinner where the wine had flowed freely and Webster was under the inspiration. The sweet songstress was rapturously encored, and by no one more heartily or conspicuously than by Mr. Webster. She recognized his applause, and in response to one of the encores and out of compliment to him, she sang "The Star-spangled Banner." This was more than Webster's inspired soul could listen to and keep silent, and in the midst of the song his bass voice was heard rising in concert with the glorious soprano of the prima donna. The audience instantly burst into furious applause; the fair songstress courtesied to Mr. Webster, and Webster, rising in his box, bowed to the cantatrice. The applause and the exchange of obeisances continued for several minutes. It was like a contest of courtesy between Olympian Jove and the Muse of Song. The scene was one never to be forgotten.

Webster was at times as solemn and unsocial as a sphinx, but when he was in amiable mood and occasion called, no one could be more gracious and urbane. Men received his polite attentions as the greatest compliment of their lives. On one occasion, and probably on many more similar ones, his politeness was money in his pocket. A Boston merchant, from whom Webster had borrowed $1,000, got out of all patience because his debtor paid no attention to his written demands for payment. Finally he told his friends that he was going down to Washington to get his money, and that he was not going to come back without it. Arriving in Washington, he left his grip at a hotel and proceeded at once to Webster's house. Ringing the bell he was informed by the butler, who came to the door, that Mr. Webster was engaged, and he was asked if he could not call at some other time. The impatient creditor had not come all the way from Boston to be repulsed at the first attack, and he insisted upon seeing Mr. Webster then. The servant finally consented to take in his card, but doubted if Mr. Webster would consent to see him. In a few moments he returned and showed the gentleman in, saying that Mr. Webster would be pleased to see him. Webster knew why his caller had come, and the reason of his insistence, but he knew also how to deal with him with the best results.

TALKING FOR $1,000.

Greeting the merchant in the most cordial manner, he at once introduced him to a number of gentlemen who were present, telling them that he was one of his most valued Boston friends, and then he assured him that he felt under the greatest obligations to him for coming at that particular moment, as they were just about to go in to dinner, and he should insist upon his dining with them; he could not have called at a time when he would have been more pleased to see him. The merchant at first demurred, and feebly remarked that he had come upon a matter of business, but Mr. Webster insisted, and was so cordial and complimentary that the merchant could not hold out in declining, and soon he found himself at the table in the seat of honor next to his host. During the dinner Webster addressed to him most of his conversation, and drew him out in conversation with his other guests in the most complimentary manner, until he began to feel that he was the most important Bostonian that had ever come to Washington, and that Webster and he were the greatest of friends. He felt that that dinner was the event of his life. When the party broke up he went back to his hotel without having said a word about the object of his call, and the next day he returned to Boston. When his friends asked him if he got his $1,000 he replied: "Get my $1,000? Why, I didn't even ask for it. Webster invited me to dinner and treated me so handsomely that I didn't have the face to speak of it, and I never shall. It was worth $1,000 just to dine with Webster."

Rufus Choate was one of Webster's most intimate friends, and, like Webster, he was a man of liberal tastes and large desires. Both were often in pecuniary straits and borrowed; and it is even said that their promises to pay were not always regarded at the banks as gilt-edged paper. One day when Choate was in Washington he called upon Mr. Webster and said: "Webster, I want to borrow $500, and I have thought that perhaps you might assist me in negotiating a loan for that amount." Mr. Webster reflected a moment and then replied: "Choate, the fact is, I want to borrow $500 myself, and I was just wondering how it could be done when you came in. It now occurs to me that if we join forces we may be able to raise the amount we both require."

"How about Corcoran?" inquired Choate.

"Suppose you go and see Corcoran," replied Webster.

WORKED BANKER CORCORAN.

In a few moments they were on their way to Corcoran's bank. Mr. Corcoran received his distinguished visitors with politeness and invited them into his private room. Mr. Webster stated the purpose of their call, saying that Mr. Choate and himself wished to borrow a thousand dollars, and that they had thought, perhaps, he might be able to accommodate them. Mr. Corcoran replied that he should be pleased to do so, and, sitting down at a desk, he filled out a note for the amount and handed it to them to sign. They both signed it promptly, and Mr. Corcoran, going into the other room, obtained the money and placed it in Mr. Webster's hands. A few moments later the two callers withdrew and proceeded up Pennsylvania avenue toward the Capitol. For several moments they walked on in silence. Then Webster said:

"Choate."

"What is it, Webster?"

"I have been wondering what in the world Corcoran wanted of that piece of paper."

Webster's last speech in Washington was made from the portico from his mansion in response to a serenade given by some of his admirers, who were more zealous than considerate. The news of General Scott's nomination for President had just been received. Webster had failed of the nomination and the failure had broken his heart. It was a beautiful, starlit evening, and Webster, appearing before his friends, said a few words complimentary of General Scott, for whom, in fact, he had great contempt, then, turning away from the subject of politics and the nomination, he said: "Gentlemen, this is a magnificent night." Then he apostrophized the stars and the planets revolving in their orbits in one of those splendid flights of oratory of which he alone was capable. Then, suddenly descending from the skies to earth, he said: "I now bid you good-night. I shall retire to my couch to rest in untroubled sleep, and on the morrow the lark will not rise more jocund to greet the rising sun than I shall." It was the speech of a politician. He praised Scott, whom he despised, and he sought to convey the impression that he did not take to heart his failure to receive the nomination, when, in fact, it was the greatest disappointment of his life. Four months later he died at Marshfield.

HER EIGHTY-SECOND YEAR.

Cheerful Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher at Four Score and Two.

Brooklyn Eagle.

Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher was eighty-two Sunday. She is not so strong as she used to be, for when one has counted four-score years, with such troubles as fell to Mrs. Beecher's lot, it is not to be expected that the succeeding ones will be without their burdens. Yet she is still blithe and cheerful, though she lives largely in the memories of the past, and very probably she will be just as great a favorite at Plymouth Church social meetings the coming winter, with the old members of the congregation, who can go back nearly half a century to the time when she first came to Brooklyn the hard-working wife of the future great preacher, who had just then laid the first course of the foundation of his fame, as with the younger folks of a later generation to whom her husband's career is history and her own a model for the Christian wife and mother. Hundreds of her friends would be glad to make this birthday anniversary of hers an occasion of congratulations and well wishes, but they will be denied that pleasure, as Mrs. Beecher has been spending the summer with her daughter, near Yonkers, and will not return to the city until the middle of next month. It may be that she is in no hurry to exchange the air of God's country for her life in a flat, for since last May, when she was compelled to give up her modest residence, corner of Orange and Hicks street, replete with so many recollections of former years, for an apartment in the Plymouth flats, her friends say that, though she bravely accepted the change, it was not without many a pang and heart-ache, and that she makes living in her present abode a virtue of necessity rather than of choice.

The story of Mrs. Beecher's life is so well known to her friends here and elsewhere that nothing less than the recurrence of this happy anniversary would serve as excuse for referring to it. Her father was Dr. Bullard, a physician, who was practicing his profession in West Sutton, Worcester county, Mass., when, on Aug. 26, 1812, this daughter was born to him, and he named her Eunice White Bullard. She was educated in her native place and at Hadley, Mass., and with a careful home and academic training she was, at seventeen years of age, a sensible as well as an accomplished woman. It was then she met her future husband. She had a brother at Amhurst College, where Mr. Beecher was also pursuing his studies, and the two had formed such a close friendship that young Bullard insisted on young Beecher spending the vacation with him at his home in West Sutton. It must have been a happy vacation to the young student, for he returned to his studies having won the heart of his friend's sister and inspired with the promise that in God's good time she would be his wife. They were plighted lovers for seven years. Not until 1837, after Mr. Beecher had been admitted to the ministry, and had been called to his first charge at Lawrenceburg, Ind., did he claim the fulfillment of the long-standing promise. He then went to West Sutton to claim his bride and the marriage was solemnized there. Within a few days Mrs. Beecher accompanied her husband to the modest home he had prepared for her in the West, and there she settled down to her vocation as a pastor's hard-working wife. Two years later, or fifty-five years ago this month, Mrs. Beecher removed with her husband to Indianapolis, Ind., where he began a pastorate that lasted for eight years and until he was summoned to his life work in Plymouth Church in 1847. Mrs. Beecher was the mother of ten children, four of whom are now alive.

Since the death of her husband and even before that bereavement, Mrs. Beecher has written many articles, chiefly on domestic topics, for various publications and later these articles were collected in book form in three volumes. "Letters from Florida" and "From Dawn to Daylight" are two books among the products of her pen and in the latter work, written with no thought of publication, but to beguile the weary hours of a tedious illness, Mrs. Beecher gave some interesting reminiscences of her first year's experience as a minister's wife. Mrs. Beecher entered the domain of literature with diffidence and, as the story goes, she was coaxed by her husband to do her first work by writing for a magazine of which she was the editor. He, so it is said, had promised the publishers that Mrs. Beecher would conduct a certain department and when informed of the matter she was anything but pleased and pleading inexperience said it was impossible for her to accept the responsibility. But relying on Mr. Beecher's word the publishers proceeded to announce Mrs. Beecher's forthcoming article and the day of publication was close at hand with no copy from the author. Finally one evening when Mr. Beecher was going out to preach he whispered to his wife, "I'm going out to preach now and I want you to be a good girl while I am gone and write something for the magazine." When he had departed Mrs. Beecher opened her desk and obediently began her first article. She had filled about a page and a half of foolscap when on a caller being announced she hastily concealed her copy under a large blotting pad and there forgot it. The next day Mr. Beecher found it, and, taking up the thread of his wife's subject, he finished the article himself and hurried it off to the printer.

Of late years, however, Mrs. Beecher has done but little of this sort of work. She has earned the right to rest. She lives contentedly, surrounded with the mementoes and memories of her gifted husband, happy in the love of her children and blessed with the affection and esteem of her many friends.

Probably Reliable.

Washington Post.

In addition to other campaign arrangements it can be announced that Senator Gorman will not make any speeches in Professor Wilson's district.

Suspicion Confirmed.

Kansas City Journal.

It is as we suspected. Vermont is still Republican in spite of the brilliant record of Congress.

THE FAIRS OF RUSSIA

THEY ARE NOT DISPLAYS OF PRODUCE, BUT TRADING STATIONS.

They Flourish in Spite of Railways and Are Likely to Retain Their Commercial Importance.

St. Petersburg Letter in New York Evening Post.

In spite of the great development of railways and other means of communication in Russia during recent years, fairs still play an extremely important part in the internal economy of the empire. It was not until 1814 that the government abolished all taxes for traders at these fairs. Previous to that date only the two bigger guilds of merchants, rated according to the taxes paid by them on their capitals, declared by themselves "on honor," were allowed to trade freely all over the country. Merchants of the third guild and petty citizens could traffic only in the town of their residence, and they, as well as the peasants, who were divided into corresponding sections, were obliged to pay a special impost for the privilege of trading outside their local boundaries. Until 1863 the inhabitants of towns were not allowed to open shops in villages, hence the villages contained but few permanent shops for necessary wares, the shops kept by peasants not being allowed to sell more than a very restricted assortment of goods. This abnormal state of affairs was changed in 1863 by allowing all kinds of dealers to open village shops; but this privilege in no way interfered with the necessity for, or the success of the innumerable local fairs, as merchants and customers found a greater choice at them than elsewhere. Until the issue of the tariff regulations of 1822 considerable quantities of foreign manufactured goods were brought to Russian fairs, but after that date domestic goods began to preponderate, especially at those fairs such as Kharhoff, which were most nearly connected with Moscow, the great manufacturing center of the country, while the towns and fairs which dealt chiefly in foreign goods lost their importance.

In Little Russia, the southwestern section of the country, there exists a whole cycle of fairs, which follow each other consecutively throughout the year. Consequently merchants are reduced to the inconvenience of carrying their wares from one to the other, unpacking and repacking them as many as twenty times in the year, it has been calculated, and transporting them, on the average, 1,600 miles. Many of the wares are thus carried even to Nizhni Novgorod, thence to Irbit, in Siberia, and back again, passing through other fairs on the way. It is remarkable that, notwithstanding the heavy freight on the goods, the prices for them at the remotest fairs used to differ very little from those at Moscow. This was chiefly due to the fact that the manufacturers and wholesale dealers did not reckon the cost of transportation to a certain fair, but calculated the expenses for the whole year and fixed the prices accordingly. Permanent trade could not afford to compete with these conditions, being based on more regular calculations, and all the circumstances not only impeded the organization of regular trade at permanent markets, but led to the conclusion that there no longer existed any excuse for the privileges accorded to fairs. Accordingly, in 1882, a law was issued subjecting all fairs which last more than seven days, that is, bearing a purely commercial character, to a special license tax. This tax ranges from $50 for a first-class license, $12.50 for a second-class license, and $3 for hucksters at the chief fairs, represented only by the Nizhni Novgorod, down to small sums for the three other categories, ending with those which last from eight to fourteen days. Fairs of the fifth category, which last seven days or less, are not taxed. Altogether there are 398 taxable annual fairs in Russia, and 2,500 of the fifth, untaxable class; and the total revenue derived by the government is about $166,000. The revenue changes show that a permanent form of trade has begun to develop at the expense of the trade at fairs, in consequence of these regulations.

THE LEADING FAIR.

The Nizhni Novgorod fair lasts from July 15 to Aug. 25 for wholesale trade, and to Sept. 10 for retail trade. In the extent of its business this fair undoubtedly occupies the first place, not only among Russian fairs, but among those of the whole world. Strictly speaking, it was transferred to Nizhni Novgorod in 1816, but its foundation dates much further back. Even during the existence of the kingdom of Kazan the Russian merchants went to Kazan to trade at the market on the plain of Arsk. At one of these fairs the Tartars put a Russian merchant to death, and the Grand Duke Vasily Ivanovitch forbade the Moscow merchants to trade at Kazan. In 1524 he instituted a special fair at Vasilsursk, the extreme boundary point of the kingdoms of Moscow and Kazan, with the intention of competing with the fair on the plain of Arsk and capturing its trade. Apparently this effort had not much success, and it was not until the following century that a new fair began to flourish at Makharieff, about fifty-two miles below Nizhni Novgorod on the Volga. This fair was established by the very active participation of the Makharieff Zheltovoosk Monastery, at whose expense the various buildings were erected, and, in general, it may be said that the majority of fairs in Russia were erected in the neighborhood of monasteries. The fair continued to be held at Makharieff until 1816, when, after a disastrous fire, it was transferred to Nizhni Novgorod. It is still known throughout Russia as the "Makharieff fair," or simply as "Makhary," just as St. Petersburg is familiarly called "Peter." Its situation could not be bettered. The Volga and a system of waterways connect it with St. Petersburg; the lower Volga and the Caspian sea connect it with the Astrakhan, the Caucasus, central Asia and Persia; the Kama brings the products of the Ural mountains and Siberia to its doors, and the Oka, which joins the Volga at the point of the sandspit on which the fair buildings stand, opens up the whole of central Russia, flowing along the southern boundary of the northern forest, or industrial zone, and the northern border of the rich black loam or grain-producing zone.

This magnificent site explains why Nizhni Novgorod has attained and continues to hold such a perfectly unique position in the interior trade of Russia. The range of business transacted at this fair embraces nearly the whole of Russia. Only the south and west have no direct relations with it. The central industrial governments send their manufactured goods to the fair; the Urals their metals; Siberia dispatches furs, skins, wax, oil and tallow; the Kama river, salt; the lower Volga, fish; the Caucasus, naptha products and wine; central Asia, cotton and lamb skins; Persia, fruits; China, tea; the southwestern region, beet sugar; Little Russia, tobacco; the middle Volga governments, corn, timber and certain other goods; western Europe, manufactured goods and "colonial" goods, i. e., spices and groceries, and also wine. On the average, there are about 200,000 visitors to the fair, the normal population of the permanent town on the hilly shore across the river Oka from the sandspit occupied temporarily by the special fair buildings being 73,000.

A WHOLESALE TRAFFIC.

Although, in general, the Nizhni Novgorod fair has the usual Asiatic color, yet, in reality, the Russian element predominates, and the Asiatics form a comparatively small percentage. The chief operations of the fair consist in the sale of manufactured goods to the merchants from the towns, who then distribute them over the whole of Russia. Moreover, the sale is chiefly carried on at first hand by the actual manufacturers. In this manner the fair supplies the greater part of Russia with the chief articles of its consumption for the whole year. However, in recent years, owing to the growth of the railway system, many of the merchants in the towns are in direct communication with Moscow, and the importance of the Nizhni fair in this respect has declined to some extent. The Asiatics chiefly take manufactured goods in exchange for their wares, although they sometimes prefer to make the exchange in money. Certain Petersburg and Moscow firms prepare special designs and colors in porcelain wares and rich silks for the Central Asian customers at this fair, which are never shown elsewhere. Many raw materials are also dealt in, and in these transactions foreigners take part. The majority of the dealings at the fair are done on credit, and the bills are issued for six, nine or twelve months, or even for longer terms, and frequently coincide with the terms for the Irbit fair. A very active retail trade is also done, and, in general, it would be impossible to mention any grade of dealings which are not there carried on, from the largest wholesale to the most insignificant retail trade. The fair acquires still greater importance from the fact that its greatest period of activity corresponds with the moment when the state of the harvest is learned, upon which the whole economy of Russia for the ensuing year depends. The result of business for the year just past is also decided at the fair. Thus the dealings at it influence the whole progress of trade in Russia.

The statistical data of trade at the fair are not entirely trustworthy, but they are of interest as showing its comparative development. For the nine-year period, 1817-1826, the trade amounted to about $16,000,000. High-water mark was reached in 1881, when it was $123,000,000, and low-water mark, counting from 1879, was reached in the famine year, 1891, when only $84,000,000 changed hands.

The chief trade at the fair is in cotton goods, supplied by Moscow, Ivanovo-Vosnesenzk and St. Petersburg, and in lesser quantities by Lodz. The business done in other articles depends to a considerable extent on the more or less favorable sale of these cotton goods, the principal buyers being the inhabitants of the Volga governments, the Caucasus, the Don river region, Siberia, central Asia and Persia. From 18,000,000 to 19,000,000 pounds of wool are brought to the fair, a large proportion of which is bought for foreign markets, including America. The increase in the import of tea is occasioned by the increasing demand in Russia. The tea is brought to the fair both by land, through Kiakhta, in which case it is known as "Kiakata tea," the Russian equivalent for what foreigners call "caravan" or "overland" tea, and by sea through Odessa. In former times, until the beginning of the sixties, when tea was not transported by sea, the tea trade of the Nizhni Novgorod fair was of far greater importance, and almost the entire subsequent business of the fair depended upon the state of the tea trade. Now this trade has ceased to play the important part it once did, because over three-fourths of the tea does not pass through the fair. A great falling off is also observable in the foreign wines, which are giving way more every year before the Russian wines from the Caucasus and the Crimea.

SUPPLIES FOR SIBERIA.

The next most important fair is that held at Irbit, in Siberia, between Feb. 1 and March 1. Notwithstanding the fact that Irbit is situated outside the chief trading route between Russia and Siberia, its fair has acquired a prominent place in Russian trade. It is here that Siberia supplies itself with cotton and other goods for the whole year, and this fair forms the center for the principal products of Siberia, such as furs, skins, fish, bristles, horse hair, honey, wax, butter, hemp seed and linseed, and for Chinese and Asiatic goods, such as tea, silks, camel's hair and so forth. Many goods are sent there direct from the Nizhni Novgorod fair, and remain packed, in which form they are sold. Many of the Siberian goods are sent to Nizhni in the same form. The price of the Russian goods, which are chiefly from Moscow, is calculated plus the cost of transport, but a considerable reduction is often made. The Irbit fair was founded in 1643. Up to the twenties of the present century its trade did not exceed $1,000,000. At the end of the thirties it had reached $5,000,000, and from that time it began to grow rapidly, until in 1888 it amounted to $28,500,000, fluctuating again in 1892 to $17,000,000. The number of visitors to the fair amounts to 100,0000 persons; hence it will be understood what animation this fair gives to the town of Irbit, whose fixed population does not exceed 5,000. Large dealings take place here for the delivery of Siberian grain and other goods to the northeastern governments of Russia, Irbit being situated just east of the Urals on about the 57th parallel of latitude. Many of the goods are left at Irbit until the opening of navigation permits of their transportation by water. The closing of the Irbit fair depends upon the fur trade; if this business is not favorable the furs are dispatched to Moscow. In recent years the fair of Irbit has somewhat declined, as a portion of its trade has passed over to Tiumen, which has the advantages of being the center of steam river communication, and of avoiding the transport of goods to Irbit and back. Besides this, the construction of the Siberian railway will reflect unfavorably on the Irbit fair, as the Siberian merchants will find it more profitable to secure their goods according to their requirements at any time of the year than to supply themselves for the whole year, as is now done.

The fair which exerts an important influence on the ensuing grain trade, after the opening of the Volga, deciding the prices of grain and the rates of freight, is held at Simbirsk, in eastern Russia, during the first and second weeks of Lent. The principal horse fairs are held at half a dozen or more towns in southwestern Russia. There are various wool fairs, and one for hops, which is held in Warsaw, in September. The following conclusions may be drawn from a review of the Russian fairs: 1. That the growth of the fair trade in Russia was chiefly assisted by the absence of convenient ways of communication, and that the closing of the river ways during several months of the year was more favorable to the growth of a fair trade than of a settled trade. 2. That the fair trade is generally in a transition state, and that certain fairs are even on the decline; while the settled trade, taking advantage of the perfected ways of communication, and especially the railways, is gradually developing at the expense of the fair trade. 3. That the Nizhni Novgorod fair can hardly lose its importance, although it has stopped its growth, owing to the special position which it occupies in the economic life of Russia.

A CHEAP WAY TO LIVE.

How a Florida Man Saves Money and Grows Rich.

Fort Pierce (Fla.) Letter in New York Tribune.

There lives over on the banks of the St. Lucie river, not far from here, a middle-aged North Carolinian who has succeeded in reducing the cost of living to the "lowest common denominator," as he himself expresses it, borrowing the phrase from his old "Greenleaf Arithmetic." In these hard times, when economy is compulsory in nearly every walk of life, the experience of Bill Palmer is at least interesting and it may be of some practical value to many who learn of it. The correspondent met Bill the other day on the lower deck of an Indian river steamboat. He was working his passage down the river as a deck-hand. He is about forty years old, large-framed and fat, too, has a jolly round face, and, withal, looks to be at peace with all the world.

"Are ye goin' in fer locating in this country, stranger?" he began as he caught me eying him rather curiously. "If ye are, ye'll find it the cheapes' place to live in in the whole United States. I've tried it all about—in four different States—and I know what I'm talking about."

With very little encouragement in the way of questions, Bill drawled out his story. Ten years ago he was a fairly prosperous farmer in North Carolina, raising cotton, corn, potatoes, etc. But he got ambitious—"res'less," he called it—and sold his farm for $3,000 cash. With this money in hand—he had no family incumbrances—he bought some land near Savannah and went to truck raising. But he didn't do much at it. One year of it was enough for Bill. Then he sold out at a sacrifice and, going to Mobile, worked as a 'longshoreman there for a couple of years, adding a few dollars to the little pile that he had "salted." Then he got the orange grove fever, and paid out all the money he had for some land in Volusia county, Florida. He set out a small grove, but had to resort to "trucking" again in order to get a living. His land was poor and his orange trees didn't thrive. The place was mortgaged in order to buy fertilizers, etc., and for three years he struggled with the mortgage. Then he had a chance to sell the place for $200 more than he gave for it, took up with the offer, and a week later landed in Tampa, where he bought a fishing boat, and began the task of making a living out of the waters of Hillsborough bay. But luck was against him again, and the month of December, 1892, found him "dead broke" in Titusville.

"It was there," said Bill, "that I 'caught on' again. I got a job working at bridge building on the East Coast line. The pay was good and the living fair. I took up a homestead of 125 acres on the St. Lucie river, not far from Sewell's Point, and have occupied it for four months out of every year since—accordin' to the law. I have put up a comf'terble shanty, cleared twenty acres, and set them out in pineapples; and, upon my word, man, I can live there for $30 a year. What I mean is that $2.50 a month is all the cash it takes."

Bill went on to explain that with his gun and his fishing rod he could keep his table supplied with game and fish every day in the year; he raises his own potatoes and grows his own cane for syrup; he works for the fruit growers during the picking season, and so gets all the fruit he wants free; his land also produces corn, cabbages, tomatoes, cucumbers and other "truck" in their season, and berries and small fruit grow wild in great abundance. Two suits of jeans will do for a whole year, with only one hat and one pair of shoes—underclothes and socks not coming into the calculation at all; a little money has to go for hog meat and flour occasionally, and for coffee regularly, and all the rest is for tobacco.

"Next summer," concluded Bill, "I shall have a crop of pines that ought to bring me in at least $3,000 'cash money,' and then I shall be just where I was when I left Carolina in 1884—only I shall have a 125-acre homestead beside, and the whole thing acquired in less than three years. Living the way I do, I ought to be worth $50,000 inside of five years. Then I'll be willing to quit. But just think of it, stranger, how I knocked about for eight years and had to 'go broke' before I struck this yere East Coast country, where an industrious man can earn from $3,000 to $5,000 a year easily by raising pineapples, and live on $30."

The Waites Are Dangerous.

New York Evening Sun.

The State of Colorado has also its own credit and future prosperity at stake in the election of Waite's successor. The population of Kansas has been steadily decreasing for some time past, owing, chiefly, we believe, to the prevalence of political ignorance in that State. But Colorado has far more to fear than Kansas from the election of a fanatical demagogue. She is rich in minerals and undeveloped resources. She needs capital to open new mines and to carry on the work of those now in operation. Prudent men who have saved money will hesitate for a long time before they intrust any part of their wealth to the care of a State which not only elects a man like Waite once, but shows strong symptoms of wanting to repeat the operation. Whether Waite is re-elected or not, Colorado will be rewarded according to the measure of her political perspicacity.

BICYCLE COSTUMES.

Dress Reform Is Needed by Both Men and Women Riders.

Washington Post.

It seems clear to us that, if one is to ride the bicycle at all, one should dress to suit the occasion. Nothing is or could be more ridiculous than the spectacle of a citizen sailing along on his wheel, rigged out in a tall hat and a Prince Albert coat. That costume looks well enough in connection with a pedestrian. In connection with a bicycle it is simply preposterous. We have actually heard sober-minded persons declare that the law should establish a season during which such riders could be shot. And if inappropriate dress be objectionable in a man, how much more distressing and offensive it must be in a woman. We expect women to be graceful and picturesque. A discord struck by the hand of beauty is infinitely painful.

Public sentiment is, we think, practically unanimous in this respect. There is a loud and general call for bicycle dress reform. We have seen the pictures of wheeling dresses for Paris, Newport, Lenox, New York and other places, and, compared with them, the Washington costume is hideous. Worse than that, it is an injustice, if not a desecration. Our girls are prettier than any other girls. They would look sweeter than any others in the natty and very fetching costumes which are now the rage on the Bois de Boulogne or in Central Park. Why, then, should they not wear those costumes instead of going about in absurd skirts and bonnets? Why, indeed.

Let our lady bicyclers be brave. After all, it should not require much courage in a woman to put on a becoming and attractive dress. It seems to us, indeed, that women who have the nerve to appear on bicycles looking like guys—as most of them do now—might easily summon up the courage needed to transform themselves into things of beauty. What if the costume be something of an innovation. Certainly it is not more so than the spectacle of a woman on a bicycle in any kind of garb was only a few years ago. Certainly it cannot be more startling than the average bathing dress. But the bathing dress is worn in obedience to physical laws, and the proposed bicycle costume is in the same category. A woman would look ridiculous going into the surf in a Redfern walking suit, yet not more ridiculous than the Washington women look riding bicycles in shopping costumes. There is no escape, in fact, from the alternative. The girls must either give up the bicycles altogether or dress themselves with some reference to beauty and convenience. Let the men go on looking like freaks and scarecrows if they will. But for heaven's sake let the women continue to educate us in sweetness and light.

Lincoln to Grant.

Reprinted in Philadelphia Inquirer.

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, July 13, 1863.—To Major-general Grant—My Dear General: I do not remember that you and I ever met personally. I write this now as a grateful acknowledgment for the almost inestimable service you have done the country. I wish to say a word further. When you first reached the vicinity of Vicksburg I thought you would do what you finally did—march the troops across the neck, run the batteries with the transports and thus go below, and I never had any faith except a general hope that you knew better than I that the Yazoo Pass expedition and the like could succeed. When you got below and took Port Gibson, Grand Gulf and vicinity I thought you should go down the river and join General Banks, and when you turned northward east of the Big Black I feared it was a mistake. I now wish to make a personal acknowledgment that you were right and I was wrong. Yours very truly,

A. LINCOLN.

One Woman Obeys.

New York Weekly.

He (after the wedding tour)—Um—my love, these bills are piling up at a fearful rate; but, of course, my angel, with your large income, you are willing and no doubt anxious to help me pay them.

She—I? Why, my dear, I haven't a cent.

"Wha——?"

"On my second marriage all my money went to my late husband's relatives."

"Eh? What—why didn't you say so?"

"You particularly requested me never to mention my late husband—in your presence."

Ohio Objections.

Toledo Blade.

"Sheep and sugar" tersely names the salient objections of Ohio people to the Gorman tariff bill.

RAILWAY TIME-TABLES.